

CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY QUARTERLY

CUMTUX



Vol. 12, No. 4 – Fall, 1992

Vera Gault

Devoted Historian

Only weeks before her death, Vera Gault was seated at the table in the Astoriana section of the Astoria Public Library. She held a stack of 3" x 5" cards and was carefully inserting them, one by one, into a tray of newspaper index cards from the cabinet that made up the low wall behind her. Each card she held was stamped with the words, "Then and Now," the name of the column that she wrote for *The Daily Astorian*. At the top of each card was the name of the person or subject that she had written about. This was Vera Gault's gift to the people of Clatsop County, a four thousand card index to the 175 columns she had so carefully researched and written each week for three and a half years. Nearby is a notebook containing every column that she had written. She was truly a dedicated historian, and we will all miss her.



Vera Whitney Gault
1904-1992

Vera Gault was a generous contributor to *Cumtux* and its readers. She wrote the following articles:

- "A Window to the Past" - Vol. 1, no. 4, pg. 12
- "The Methodist Church in Early Astoria" - Vol. 2, no. 1, pg. 6
- "The Diary of Mary Riddle of Svensen" - Vol. 4, no. 3, pg. 2,
Vol. 4, no. 4, pg. 22, Vol. 5, no. 1, pg. 20
- "The Vihtor and Ida Palmrose Family" - Vol. 6, no. 1, pg. 2
- "More About Mary Riddle" - Vol. 11, no. 2, pg. 19
- "Honoring Captain Robert Gray" - Vol. 12, no. 3, pg. 16

A list of her books includes: *Walking Tour of Astoria*, *A Brief History of Astoria, Oregon, 1811-1900*, *The Astors and Astoria*, and *Centennial History of the Astoria Public Library*, all of which can be purchased at the Clatsop County Historical Society and at local bookstores.

Vera Gault's memoirs have been placed at the Astoria Public Library so that her readers can continue to enjoy her wit, humor and warmth.

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CLATSOP COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

QUARTERLY Vol. 12, No. 4 – Fall, 1992

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Senator John F. Kennedy and Dan Thiel on their way to a campaign luncheon in Astoria in 1960. Photo courtesy of James and Carol Bingham. See pages 18-19.

Astorian Printing Co.

CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:

"To know . . . acknowledge . . . to inform."



Mary Rondeau Ducheney Preble Kelly

Photo from the book, *Clatsop County*, by Emma G. Miller,
courtesy of Binford & Mort, publishers.

The following article was printed in the Sunday Oregonian on Dec. 17, 1899, on page 28. We have reprinted it here because it is an important source of information about Mary Rondeau and her family whose many descendants populate the communities on both sides of the Columbia River. The original style of spelling and punctuation has been retained.

Comcomly's Followers

Their Empire About the Mouth of the Columbia.

*How Princess Mary, granddaughter of the Historic Red Chieftain,
lives on Elliott's Bay.*

On Elliott's bay of the Lower Columbia upon the Washington shore, resides the granddaughter of Comcomly and the great grandson of that great chief of all the Chinook tribes in the days of Lewis and Clark and of John Jacob Astor. That granddaughter is the Princess Mary who is the only daughter of Princess Margaret, who was one of the daughters of the famous chief by that one of his wives who was the daughter of the Chehalis chief. The Indian name of Princess Margaret Comcomly was Kah-at-lau.

Princess Mary is 73 years old, a fine-looking, queenly woman, with an air of graceful command equal to that of Victoria or to that pictured by Dickens in his Madame De Farge. She is just 5 feet 4 inches tall, the sculptor's model height for woman. She has a strong intellectual face, full of character. Her manners are excellent, she having been reared from childhood up to the time of her first marriage at 18 in the family of Sir James Douglas, the factor of the Hudson's Bay Company under Governor McLoughlin at Vancouver. She must have been a beautiful girl and was surely a favorite, since she has been married three times, each time to a white man, and her son-in-law insists he has to stand guard over her even now with a shotgun to keep away her numerous suitors.

PRINCESS MARY'S CAREER

Princess Mary's mother, the Princess Margaret, in the year 1825, married Louis Rondeau, a French Canadian, who was a Hudson's Bay trapper and at once went out with him and a trapping party of one hundred into the Rocky mountains. It was truly a wild and picturesque wedding tour for a princess. Princess Mary was born on the present site of Salt Lake city. Her mother died some five years afterwards at Sacramento, and little Mary was taken for rearing by Sir James Douglas. About the same time, her grandfather, Chief Comcomly, died suddenly in 1830 of virulent intermittent fever, an epidemic that carried off about a thousand of his people at the same time. Princess Mary was married on January 9, 1844 to Rocque Duchenev, in St. James' church, Vancouver, by the Catholic priest, Father F.N. Blanchet, afterwards bishop of that diocese. In the marriage record her name is given as Mary Rondeau. Duchenev was a French Canadian clerk in the employ of the Hudson's Bay Company. In 1844 he was put in charge of their store at Chinook which was afterwards the county seat of Pacific county, Washington, but is now wholly deserted.

This was prior to civil government in "Oregon territory." Duchenev

purchased Scarborough head (the present site of Fort Columbia) in 1856 at guardian's sale for \$1400 after the death of its owner, Captain James Scarborough. Ducheney died in 1861, leaving Princess Mary owner of the ancestral home of the Comcomly's under the laws of the United States, and the United States government bought the property of her in 1864 for \$5000 in greenbacks. Princess Mary had six children by Ducheney, four of whom are now living. She soon married Solomon Preble, a white California miner by whom she had two children. He died in 1868 and within four months his widow of royal lineage married another white man whose name smacks of the Emerald Isle. He, too, went the way of all flesh 16 years ago, leaving three children of the marriage. Her last husband's name was John C. Kelly.

IMPORTANT SOCIAL EVENT

Princess Mary's mother, under the name of Margaret Chinook, married Rondeau at Vancouver, to which place the Hudson's Bay Company had in 1824 transferred its headquarters and to which in 1829 its main stores and principal depot of supplies were removed from Astoria, which was finally abandoned by them in 1849. Her mother's marriage was a great occasion in the highest circles at Hudson's Bay headquarters, since old Chief Comcomly was treated as an equal and sat at the table with Sir James Douglas and Dr. McLoughlin. He was in high feather. His principal palace, or royal lodge, was at Scarborough head, where the new fort Columbia, is now being erected. That bald place high up on the slope that catches the attention of all passers was the eerie from which he spied out the approach of the Hudson's Bay Company's ships which came every spring. Comcomly was made chief bar and river pilot for the company (the first on the Columbia, James Scarborough being the second), and wore the uniform

of their service. When a ship came in sight he had 20 of his slaves launch the royal canoe and take him out to meet the vessel. His canoe and all its crew would be taken aboard, and Comcomly would guide the craft up to headquarters at Vancouver.

COMCOMLY'S EMPIRE

Comcomly was a mighty chief, and ruled a great empire. He was not only chief of the Chinook tribe opposite Astoria, but he was principal chief of the confederacy of all the tribes of the Lower Columbia (except the Clatsops) who spoke the Chinook language, between the Cascades and Cape Disappointment. This includes some 11 powerful tribes. The Clatsop tribe, while speaking the Chinook language, was not under Comcomly's suzerainty. Chief Cobaway was an independent ruler. The boundary line between his domain and Comcomly's empire ran from Smith's point at the mouth of Young's bay, along the summit of the ridge over Coxcomb hill and up the high ridge between the Walluski (a Young's river affluent) and the John Day (a Columbia affluent) to the summit of the Nehalem. To the south as far as Arch cape, Cobaway was supreme. This region, with its five little connected valleys, has recently and very fitly been named Clatsop valley by a well-known chronicler. To the north of this ridge, from Smith's point as far as Cathlamet head, near Clifton (including Fort Astor), was the territory of the Kathlama tribe, under Comcomly's suzerainty. The Chinook tribe proper was located between Cape Disappointment and Gray's river at Harrington's point, and back to the center of Willapa bay. Then continuing on the north side of the Columbia (back to the Puget sound divide), came the Wahkiakums, extending to the west divide of the Elokomin; then the Con-Yaks, extending to Kalama river divide; the Kalama's reaching to Lewis river

divide; the Ske-choot-wha, including Vancouver, and then a tribe, the Wah-Sahl-Ha, reaching to the lower cascades of the Columbia river.

It is to be noted that, in the main, the watershed summits of important streams constituted their tribal boundaries. On the south side of the Columbia, the Multnomahs reached from the lower cascades to the East Scappoose divide and south to the Clackamas divide. It included the site of the present city of Portland, with the chief's palace at the head of Sauvie's island. Then came the Scappoose tribe, which ruled to the Milton creek divide, and as far back as the summit of the Nehalem divide; then followed the Wah-Can-Na-She-She tribe, which had dominion from St. Helens to the Beaver creek divide, and then the Clats-Ka-Nie tribe ruled as far as the summit of the coast range at the east boundary of the Kathlamas, who governed from thence to Astoria. All of these powerful tribes spoke the Chinook language and acknowledged the suzerainty of Comcomly as the principal chief, or king, who had a wife from nearly every tribe, and from some of the neighboring tribes.

COMCOMLY'S DESCENDANTS

Comcomly's oldest daughter, the princess who married Astor's factor, McDougal, in 1811, was the daughter of her father's Scappoose wife, who spoke Chinook with a Scappoose accent. She died without any children. Chenamus was the oldest son of Comcomly, and his mother was a Multnomah princess. Princess E-la-wah-ka was the daughter of Comcomly by a Willapa princess, it is said. She lived always with the Chinook tribe (marrying in the tribe), and died in 1861 at Ilwaco, the thriving village named for her. [This was an error; it was named for a subchief.] Prince Louis Ducheney (really Duchesne), the oldest son of Princess Mary, and the great-grandson of

Comcomly by his Chehalis wife, and also great-grandson of Cut-Cose, the last Chehalis chief, and lineal descendant of the last-named ruler, has been by the Chehalis Indians on that reservation named Cut-Cose, and adopted as their legitimate chief. They are in great commotion whenever he visits them, and they implore him to come and dwell in their midst as their heaven-born ruler. But Prince Louis has a 40-acre tract of land on Elliott's bay with Uncle Sam's patent, and with a royal chinook salmon fishing privilege that is a gold mine. He has also an interesting family, his wife being a quarter-breed, the great-granddaughter of a great Chinook warrior (named Os-wol-lax) under Comcomly, when that irate chieftain offered his troops to McDougal to fight the British and denounced his son-in-law as a "squaw man," because he refused to defend the "Boston man's" property. A daughter of old Os-wol-lax, a pure Chinook, now 101 years old, lives near Prince Louis' home. When a representative of this paper saw Prince Louis at "chez elle," or his "illihee," his oldest daughter had just returned from Cape Nome, where she had been cooking for \$7 a day and board, and where she had secured two good claims on Snake river. Prince Louis was somewhat hilarious over this return. He is a hardworking, industrious substantial citizen. He has a broad, large, masterful head, as all great rulers have ever had.

RULES OF CHINOOK EMPIRE

Since the death of Dr. W.C. McKay, of Pendleton, Or., a few years ago, Prince Louis has become the hereditary ruler also of the Chinook empire. McKay was the son of another of Comcomly's daughters who married a Scotchman in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Dr. McKay had a most polished education, and was a practicing physician of eminence. He succeeded to hereditary rule (vox et

pretereo nihil) on the death of Chenamus in 1843. Chenamus succeeded in 1830 to all the dominion of his illustrious father, but that power was rapidly waning before the encroachments of the whites. By the time he died, scarcely a vestige of that power remained. He left no lineal descendants. His wife was a Willapa princess. The early American settlers at Astoria and on Clatsop plains called her "Queen Sally." During her husband's life they lived mostly at his royal lodge on Scarborough Head, though they, at times, resided near Fort George. The site of their royal palace at the latter place, made of two-inch cedar boards, is pointed out now at the base of the hill on Twelfth street, in Astoria, on the margin of a little cove in the bay as shown in Franchere's sketch of Astoria in 1811, and in Washington Irving's picture in 1835. "Queen Sally" survived her husband 15 years, dying in 1860. She was a woman of very strong character and commanded high respect from the American pioneers. At the time of her death the glory of Comcomly's empire had departed.

The empire, too, of Cobaway, the Clatsop chief and friend of Lewis and Clark, had faded like a dream. At the death of Co-ba-way in 1824, without male heirs, he was succeeded by Kateya-hun, who was killed in 1829 when the Hudson's Bay ship bombarded the Clatsop village at Point Adams, the present site of Fort Stevens, and destroyed their power because of their plundering a vessel cast away on Sand island and (falsely alleged) murdering her crew. After that era their chiefs were only so in name. The last one was Tose-Tum, who strutted on his phantom stage from 1851 to 1876.

Princess Mary (Kelly), the present dowager queen of the Chinooks, has an empire as substantial as that of Napoleon's descendants. In fact more so, since the Indian title to her ancestral lands (recognized by treaty of most of

the tribes with the United States at Smith's point in 1859) has never been extinguished, and a bill is now pending in congress to pay for the same. She still holds her escort in her grandfather's empire, on Elliott's bay, which extends from Jim Crow point, where the Columbia broadens out under the influence of ocean tides, to Harrington point some six miles below. The principal men of that region are her sons, sons-in-law and grandsons-in-law, and all acknowledge her sway. One son-in-law, J.G. Elliott, is king of the bay, and lives in a noble mansion that is a conspicuous landmark on the river. Near by is the handsome residence of another son-in-law, W.L. Enyart, who has a gold mine in the Jim Crow point seining grounds, which yielded him \$20,000 in 1895. Not far off is a grandson-in-law's elegant home. Tenas Illihee, the great and fertile island at the head of the bay, was owned up to his death by John Fitzpatrick, then a rich seiner, another son-in-law. The only principal men along the bay, not under her sway, are the Laird of Pillar Rock (cannery) and the postmaster (Megler) of Brookfield cannery.

To the observer on a passing steamer the precipitous character of the shores of Elliott's bay seem to exclude all idea of its being the seat of thriving homes. In fact, there is a vast deal of human life there, and soon a level plank roadway will be constructed by Wahkiakum county on that bay, which has been made into a separate road district. The queen dowager lives in a cozy three-room cottage adjacent to the house of one of her sons-in-law, with whom she boards. She has a parlor, a bedroom and a bath and toilet-room, all heated by a modern stove. Rose geraniums in the front window tell of the aristocratic tastes acquired in the home of Sir James Douglas, 70 years ago.

Elliott's bay is a very rough winter harbor. The fearful southwest winds of

winter come tearing across the Columbia's wide expanse from the safe lee shore of Astoria harbor, and render this bay unfit for anything but the great fishing industry, which is chiefly in the hands of King Comcomly's descendants, and under the sway of his granddaughter and her royal son, who can, from this last fortress of their race, look at Scarborough head, the ancestral home of the great chief of the Chinook empire. From Jim Crow point, on the Washington shore, and Cathlamet head, on the Oregon side, to the mouth of the Columbia, 29 miles away, is found what is indeed a noble scene of empire. The dominating features of this scene are Tongue Point and Saddle mountain. The river, with its six great bays, vis., Elliott's, Cathlamet, Gray's, Astoria,

Young's and Baker's bays and of the city of Astoria itself. the latter dominates these also, and besides, the five noble little rivers of Clatsop valley, converging on Young's bay, and the five flowing into the Columbia that fertilize Knappa valley.

Whenever one who travels the river turns amidst this great scene, his vision rests upon both of these dominating features of the region. "Where rolls the Oregon," at the mouth of the "Great river of the West." ♦

Photo below: These seiners are emptying their net of a catch of salmon and loading them onto a barge about 1910. Miller Sands, once owned by Jonathan Green Elliott, is located near the Washington shore north of Svensen, Oregon.



Photo courtesy of James and Carol Bingham

Mary Rondeau, Chinook Princess

Liisa Penner

INTRODUCTION

Dene Dahlgren told me she had an interesting family. We were at the Astoria Public Library one day and decided to look through the newspaper index to see if there were any articles about them. Among the many cards we found were ones for her grandparents, Joe and Josephine Johnson Elliott. One card for Joe stated that he was the grandson of Mary Rondeau and her first husband, Rocque Ducheney, and that he was a great, great grandson of the famous Chinook Indian chief, Comcomly. We also read that Dene's grandmother, Josephine, was descended from the Indian princess, Cahlast. This certainly proved to be an interesting family, a source of pride to Dene, who as a child attended the Tahola Indian school near Aberdeen, Washington, and whose family has been active in the Chinook Tribal affairs.

Intrigued by our discovery of these newspaper articles, we read obituaries which gave the names of other relatives. We then consulted Charles E. McChesney's 1906 book, *Rolls of Certain Indian Tribes In Oregon and Washington* at the Clatsop Community College library and found in this book the sworn testimony of Chinook, Clatsop and Tillamook Indians naming their parents and other family members. The *Catholic Church Records of the Pacific Northwest*, at the Astoria Public Library, provided christening, marriage, and funeral records for Indian and white families in the mid 19th Century. The federal census from 1850 to 1910 for

Wahkiakum, Pacific, and Clark Counties in Washington, and Clatsop County and Clackamas County, Oregon, listed all household members, their ages, occupations, and in some cases, the percentage of Indian blood they had and the names of the tribes to which their ancestors belonged. We then discovered a valuable resource for the study of Chinook Indian ancestry, the family group sheets compiled by Stephen Dow Beckham, that are housed at the Chinook Tribal Council Headquarters at Chinook, Washington. All the sources we looked at are available to the public.

Our search for Dene Dahlgren's ancestors proved to be, not just an exercise in genealogy, but an opportunity to learn something of the lives of these people who have contributed so much to the salmon fishing and canning industry along the Lower Columbia and in Alaska. Following is a brief sketch of what we found.

KAH-AT-LAU

Mary Angelica Rondeau was born sometime between 1824 and 1828 in Utah to Louis Rondeau and his wife Marguerite Tchinouk whose indian name was Kah-at-lau. She was the only child of this couple listed in these records. Marguerite was a daughter of Chief Comcomly, according to several sources and was variously described as belonging to the Chehalis, Quinault and Walla Walla tribes. (There are many contradictions in these records.)

Marguerite Comcomly Rondeau died about 1834 near Sacramento, California. James G. Swan, in his book, *The Northwest Coast Or Three Years Residence in Washington Territory*, wrote about a conversation he had with Mary Rondeau in the 1850's.

"The wife of Mr. Ducheney, the agent at Chenook for the Hudson Bay Co., who is a very intelligent woman, informed me that her father was a Frenchman, and her mother a Walla Walla Indian, and that, when she was quite a child, she recollected going with her mother and a party of her tribe to the south for a number of months; that they were three months going and three months returning; that they took horses with them, and Indian blankets; and that on their return, her mother died, and was buried where the city of Sacramento now stands. I asked her how she knew where Sacramento was, and she replied that some of her friends had since gone to California, to the gold mines, and that on their return, they said that it was at Sacramento where her mother was buried.

"She was too young to remember how far into Mexico they went, but I judged that the vermillion she mentioned was obtained from the mountains of Almaden, near San Jose, California. But I have no reason to doubt the statement, as I have heard similar statements from other sources."

LOUIS RONDEAU

Louis Rondeau was of French descent, born in Canada. The 1860 census for Pacific County, W.T. gives his age as 70, so he was born about 1790. He may be the same Louis Rondeau, who was described in the Catholic Church records as the eldest son of Joseph Rondeau of Berthier, Montreal. He was an employee of the Hudson Bay Company in the party with John Work to pick up furs in 1831 in the Rockies and was described by the family as an Indian fighter, scout, and

trapper. Family tradition states that Rondeau also accompanied John C. Fremont on his trip to California to map that region. The tax records for Oregon for 1844 show that Louis Rondo (Rondeau) was not wealthy; he owned no town lots, pleasure carriages, mills, clocks, watches, mules, hogs, or merchandise, but he did have horses valued at \$320 and cattle valued at \$220 for a total valuation of \$540. His taxes were \$1.27. He took out a land claim near that of his son-in-law, Rocque Ducheney, in Champoege District, which he held by personal occupancy in May 1846. Two more marriages are recorded for Louis Rondeau. On Oct. 3, 1842 he married Henrietta Yolta. The church records indicate that she died shortly afterward. In 1860, he married Elizabeth, a native woman, in Clatsop County. Louis and Elizabeth Rondeau lived in Chinookville, Pacific County, Washington Territory near his daughter. He is believed to be buried at what is now Ft. Columbia, Washington.

ROCQUE DUCHENEY

Mary Rondeau was married to Rocque Ducheney on the 9th of January, 1844 at Fort Vancouver by F.N. Blanchet, the first Catholic missionary to the Oregon country. A witness to the wedding was David McLoughlin, son of the famous Dr. John McLoughlin. Rocque Ducheney was one-half Iroquois, born about 1818 to Louis Andre Ducheney Esquire, "Seigneur" of a part of Maskinonge and of St. Jacques, Canada, and to Dame Marie Defond, according to the church records.

At the time of the marriage of Rocque Ducheney and Marie Rondeau in 1844, they were living at Fort Vancouver where Ducheney was engaged in the service of the Hudson Bay Co. Their names occur frequently in the church records as witnesses and godparents in the years between 1844 and 1851. Ducheney took part in the

scramble for land claims, the first he took in the Champoege District in October 1845 and the second on the Fourth Plain northeast of Fort Vancouver, both held without personal occupancy and both formally abandoned in 1846. Duchenev was listed as living in Clark County, Oregon Territory, on the 1850 census. He declared his intent to become a citizen of the U.S. in the Clatsop County court on Feb. 5, 1851, renouncing his Canadian citizenship. Duchenev moved to Chinook in 1853 (and perhaps earlier) to operate the Hudson Bay Company's store there, where he was referred to by James Swan as the "polite and hospitable agent." He finally found land for sale not far from Chinook, purchasing it on April 23, 1856. This land, known as Scarborough Head, can be seen to the northwest across the river from Astoria.

The Duchenev family was host to notable visitors including Ulysses S. Grant who was the subject of family stories handed down through several generations. Years before his service as Commander of the northern forces in the Civil War and as then as President of the United States, Ulysses S. Grant was a boarder in their home. According to one story, while Grant was recovering from delirium tremens, he paced the room of the Duchenev home, carrying baby Lucy Agnes, followed closely by her nervous mother who feared any moment that the child would slip out of his hands. Lucy Agnes survived, to become the mother of the Elliott clan and was known to many as "Gramma Agnes Elliott." The name "Grant" has been conferred upon many members of this family since. (U.S. Grant was stationed at Fort Vancouver, O.T., during the Winter of 1852-3. Drinking and gambling were common leisure-time activities at this frontier post. According to the historian, Harry Wright Newman, Grant lost his military commission in 1854 for indolence and

drunkenness.)

Duchenev was still operating a store in Chinook in 1860 according to the Federal census of Pacific County, owning \$2000 worth of real property and \$1,500 worth of personal property, respectable sums for that date. He was killed in 1861 in a battle between fishermen and a salmon packing company, vigorously wielding a coffeepot as a weapon after his gun broke according to one story. Another story says that he was attacked by drunken fishermen who blamed him for a fire. His wife, Mary, was said to have been a horrified witness to his shooting. Duchenev was buried at what is now Fort Columbia, Washington, near the grave of his father-in-law Louis Rondeau.

DESCENDANTS

The children of Rocque Duchenev and Mary Rondeau were:

1. Judith D. Duchenev who was baptized on Jan. 23, 1845 at Vancouver, Oregon Country. She died May 6, 1899 at Ilwaco. She married first, Henry Nution (Newsham) Peers (Pierce), an oysterman, at Ilwaco, WA, and second, John Gilmore. Henry Peers was the son of Henry Newsham Peers, who was born in England, and Ellen, a Wasco Indian. Henry Peers, the elder, served in the Oregon Provisional legislature in 1846 and 1847 representing Vancouver County. He was on the 1847 Assessment Roll for Clatsop County. In 1851 Henry Peers took charge of the Hudson Bay Co.'s Cowlitz Farm. The children of Judith Duchenev and Henry Peers were Lucinda Agnes Peers, who married Charles Woods and then Walter Fitzpatrick; Amelia Peers, who married James C. Jones, then Frank Alden and Joseph Anderson; Rosa Peers married Harry Grick Anderson and a man named Pickernell; other children were Henry Silas Peers; Alinda J. Peers who married John A. Boldt; E. Peers, who probably died at an early age; Richard

(Andrew) Peers; and finally, Mabel Peers, who married Frank M. Christianson and then Carson White. Judith Ducheney's child by her second husband John Gilmore was also named John Gilmore. He died at the age of 11 in 1902.

2. Louis Andre Ducheney, the only son of Rocque and Mary Rondeau Duchaney to reach adulthood, was born Oct. 25, 1846 at Vancouver, Clark Co., Oregon Country. In 1870 Ducheney was oystering in Oysterville. In 1880 he was a fisherman at Chinookville. In 1900, he was a fisherman at Brookfield and in 1910 a salmon fisherman at Altoona, according to the census. He was married in July 1866 in Clatsop County to Mary Ann Lucier (Luscier) who was born in March 1852 in Oregon, the daughter of Antoine Lucier and Julie Obershaw (Also spelled Overshaw and Aubichon). Antoine Lucier was an indentured servant of the Hudson Bay Co. who had "absconded" from his duties in 1846. (His uncle was Etienne Lucier, a French-Canadian who voted with the Americans to set in machinery the first American government in Oregon.) Mary Ann's sister, Emily Lucier, married George Cashel and lived at Knappa. Mary Ann Lucier Ducheney died at Warrenton in April 1917. Louis Ducheney died sometime before. Their children were: Blanche, born 1869 who married Valient V. Vincent, an Astoria photographer; Charlotte, who married Nels Peterson; Louis, born Nov. 1873; Julia, born March 1880 in W.T. who married Lee Strauss, a saloon operator in Astoria; and lastly, Andrew R., born July 1882 W.T. and died of tuberculosis at Astoria on Oct. 15, 1910, unmarried. Members of this family are buried in the Ducheney lot in Fern Hill Cemetery at Skamokawa, WA.

3. Joseph Ducheney was baptized and died the same day, March 10, 1849.

4. "Infant" Ducheney was born and

christened on Apr. 7, 1851 in Vancouver, Clark Co., in what was then called Oregon Territory. He died the next day and was buried in the Ft. Vancouver Cemetery.

THE ELLIOTT FAMILY

5. Lucy Agnes Ducheney, known as Agnes, was born April 20, 1852 at Vancouver, O.T. She was so weak at birth that she was not expected to live and was baptized the next day by J.B. A. Brouillet, a Catholic priest. Lucy's grandfather, Louis Rondeau, served as her godfather and was said to be particularly fond of her, presenting her three horses as a gift once. She married Jonathan Green Elliott on August 28, 1868, a cooper by trade from Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, who was working for James Birnie at Cathlamet. Agnes was reported to have stolen Elliott from under Victoria Birnie's nose, infuriating her. Jonathan Green Elliott owned the Miller Sands seining grounds. He salted fish in barrels, then loaded them in batteau's and paddled up river to Portland to sell them and purchase the winter's supplies. Anna Elliott Koontz, who now lives on the Quinault Indian Reservation, remembers the unremitting labor required on Gramma Agnes' farm. She had 400 acres, much of it used as pasture for cows. They made hay, milked cows, and separated the cream which was sent to Astoria. Curious about the ancestral home of Rocque Ducheney in Montreal, she once visited there. "Don't go there," she cautioned her children, "They have footmen and carriages. I never felt so out of place." Gramma Agnes was occasionally visited by old school chums of hers; Anna remembers hearing them chatter away in Chinook jargon. Agnes Ducheney was sickly most of her life, and in her last years was nearly deaf and blind, but she lived to be eighty years old. Jonathan Green Elliott died April 27, 1932 and was buried at the Elliott Cemetery at Dahlia, Wahkiakum

County, Washington, a place formerly known as Elliott's Point, in their honor. This family has proved to one of the most prolific (10 children) of Mary Rondeau's family and was one of the mainstays of the Lower Columbia fishing industry. Reporting on an interview with Joseph Howe Elliott by Walter Mattila in 1967, Mattila stated, "If all the salmon caught in the Columbia river could be counted, the Elliott family would be the number one fishing family....Joe's father [Jonathan Green Elliott] was one of the Columbia river's best known seining bosses....That the Elliott boys got the best in fishing education is obvious from their records. Four became seining bosses, Edmund off Frankfurt; William for Everding & Farrell near Skamokawa; Charles for Sanborn-Cutting on Clatsop spit, and Joe on Green island."

The children of J.G. Elliott and Lucy Agnes Ducheney were: William A. Elliott, who married Grace Grossong

and later lived at Aberdeen, WA; Charles G. Elliott, who married Mary A. Krieger; Louise Eugenia, who married Chris K. Henry; their descendants include the Rubens and Shepherds, many of whom live in Warrenton and Hammond today. Chris K. Henry was an old time fisherman and seiner on the Columbia River, starting his first season in 1883 and fishing both fall and summer for sixty years until he retired in 1943 after the loss of his boat during a storm. Other children of J.G. Elliott and Lucy Agnes Ducheney were Edmund C. Elliott who, married Edith Church; Grace S. Elliott, who married William A. Heiner; Elizabeth Leonard Elliott, who married Jesse Miles who was born in Miles, Michigan. Jesse Miles and his son, Roscoe, were also well known as seiners on the Columbia. (Jesse and Roscoe did one better than the Elliott brothers; one night they were startled to discover that they had caught in their



Courtesy of Caroline M. Shepherd

Christian K. Henry built this house in Dahlia, Washington, a prominent landmark, visible from the Columbia River ship channel which swings close to the Washington side at this spot. The house is now owned by Joe and Mary Souvenir.

net a live horse that had somehow fallen overboard upriver.) George Rondeau Elliott was another son; he married Emma Woods, his second cousin; Jonathan G. Elliott died at the age of nine from an infection caused by stepping on a nail; Joseph Howe Elliott married Josephine Johnson, the daughter of Harry Johnson, a Norwegian fisherman, and Adeline Pelland, daughter of Alexis and Emily Wasco Peers Pelland. The last child of J.G. Elliott and Lucy Agnes Ducheney was John L. Grant Elliott who was born in 1888 and married Viva A. Snare. He served as chairman of the Chinook tribal council at Skamokawa. His daughter, Jean Elliott Wakefield, made an eloquent plea in the newspaper some years back for the proper disposition of the skull of her ancestor, Chief Comcomly, the result of which was that the Clatsop County Historical Society then turned it over to the Chinook Indian tribe for proper burial in 1972 in the Ilwaco Cemetery.

Continuing on with the children of Rocque Ducheney and Mary Rondeau:

6. Mary Ducheney was born Oct. 12, 1855 at Chinook, Pacific Co., in what was then called, Washington Territory. She married John Fitzpatrick Sept. 6, 1868. He was born in Ireland, went to California for the gold rush in 1849 and came to Oregon in the 1850's. He served in the U.S. Army in the Mexican war from April 1847 to Nov. 1849, receiving an injury to his foot caused by an exploding shell. John Fitzpatrick owned several seine fisheries along the Columbia River including part of Tenas Illihe Island. He was a partner in the Fisherton Cannery, travelling to Europe to promote the business. He was also the proprietor of the Hotel Monterey at Yakima, WA. In 1870 he was living on Cathlamet Bay, near Tongue Point. Twenty years later, he was living in the Clifton area. His widow continued to live near Clifton after his death. At that time, the couple

had eight children; one child died earlier. Their children were Nora, who married George Wood; Walter, who married his cousin Lucinda Agnes Peers; John; Jeffery; Mary Ellen, who married a man named Johnstone, and later married E.C. Erickson; Kate, who married I.H. Baird; Agnes, who married Charles Eastland, Sarah Rebecca, who married Earle Aupperle and then a man named Harrington.

7. Sophia Ducheney, known as the favorite daughter of Marie Rondeau, was born Oct. 22, 1857 at Chinook, W.T. and was married August 15, 1879 in Clatsop County to William Lawrence Enyart who was from Indiana. Enyart was a co-owner and operator of the Jim Crow seining grounds on the Columbia River, buying them in 1903 and selling in 1931. Sophia died Feb. 15, 1929 in Clackamas County, Oregon. William died two years later.

8. The last of Mary Rondeau's children by Rocque Ducheney was Charlotte Cecil Ducheney who was born January 1860 at Chinook, W.T. She may be the six month old child called Margaret on the 1860 federal census. Charlotte was living in Clatsop County when she was married in Astoria on Feb. 8, 1878 by P.H. Fox, Justice of the Peace, to Thomas Mosse of Washington Territory. She was buried at the Elliott Cemetery in Dahlia, WA.

THE PREBLE FAMILY

The Rogue River wars in the 1850's and the massacre at Gold Beach escalated hostilities between Indians and whites all up and down the coast and must have produced an uneasy situation for this half (plus) Indian widow (Mary Rondeau) and her small children. So frightened was the local population that even the Lewis and Clark valley, south of Astoria, was abandoned in 1856 and for several years after when white residents moved for safety to Astoria and were issued

muskets to use for their protection in case of Indian attack. Terence O'Donnell's book, *An Arrow In The Earth*, describes well the atmosphere of fear and suspicion culminating in the deaths of so many of the Indians on the west coast. In these circumstances it appears that Mary Rondeau was prudent to marry very quickly after the death of Rocque Ducheney. Mary's second husband was Solomon Preble who was born in Portland, Maine, about 1823. He arrived in California in 1849 and later worked at Abernathy's Mill at Oak Point on the Columbia. In the 1860's he moved to Chinook where the couple was married. Preble died in 1868.

9. They had a child James Grant Preble who was born Sept. 6, 1864 at Chinook, W.T. He was named after U.S. Grant and was referred to by his middle name. Louise Meyers, a daughter of Grant Elliott, recalls a story told about him. He was sawing wood at his mother's house, when he became so overheated that he seemed to be suffering from shock. His teeth were clenched together uncontrollably. His mother, reacting quickly, grabbed a spoon and forced it between his teeth and his muscles relaxed finally. Louise Meyers was reminded of the story everytime she saw the bent spoon. Grant Preble was married Feb. 22, 1893 to Mary Kennedy who was born in California in December of 1873. After sixteen years of marriage, they were still childless, according to the census. He is believed to have moved to California.

10. The 1899 newspaper article states that there was another child born to Solomon Preble and Mary Rondeau. That child may have died young as no other mention of it could be found.

THE KELLY FAMILY

Mary Rondeau's third husband was John C. Kelly who was born in Ireland about 1839. They were married in June 1867. He was on the military list for

Clatsop County in 1868, so the couple must have lived here that year. In 1870 he was working as a fisherman in Chinook. He died about 1883.

Their children were:

11. Mary Francis Kelly. She was born Sept. 25, 1869 at Chinook, W.T. Her first ten years were spent in Chinook, then she attended school in Vancouver, after which she lived in Aberdeen and Raymond. She married Edward Lewis in 1892, then John Jack Ward in 1895. She had five children: Genevieve E. Lewis, who married W.B. Ogden, then Albert C. Kelly; Beatrix Ward; John Randolph Ward, who married Marian Lee; Lawrence E. Ward; finally, Kathleen Ward, who married Otto Matthies.

12. Alex Kelly was born Sept. 1870 at Chinook, W.T. He died before 1877.

13. Sereta A. Kelly was born March 2, 1876 at Chinook, W.T. She was married Dec. 12, 1904 to John Oberander.

After Mary Rondeau Kelly was again widowed, she supported herself and her family by running a boarding house and cooking for fishermen in the fishing villages along the Columbia River in Washington. When the census taker visited her in 1910, she reported to him that she had been the mother of nineteen children, of whom six were still alive. If this statement was correct, then ten of her children may have died in childhood.

Mary Rondeau, that year, was living at Altoona, Washington, with her daughter, Agnes, and son-in-law, Jonathan G. Elliott and surrounded by her many relatives for whom years of sacrifice and work had brought prosperity. Here, Mary Angelica Rondeau was protected from the cares of the world and enjoyed the reverence and respect of her family and friends. Now, some eighty years after her death, hundreds of her descendants still cherish her memory. ♦

Steam Fire Engines

From the Oct. 6, 1877 Weekly Astorian newspaper.

Exciting Scenes in Astoria.

Evening before last, Rescue Engine Company No. 2 having received their new steam fire engine in tip top order, they marched down to Capt. Flavel's wharf and challenged the steam fire pump, owned by that gentleman to a contest. It should be stated possibly that Capt. Flavel's pump is a monster, such as they use in the petroleum regions of Pennsylvania for conveying oil from the wells (through pipes) to the railroad stations, sometimes a distance of over ten miles. But this fact was no terror to Rescue No. 2 and the bright little steamer backed up, took suction, gave the whistle to pass, and threw a lively steam, receiving the plaudits of the multitude assembled to witness the contest. The big engine by this time came to the front with a pretty stream and, for a little, threatened to deluge everything in sight. It was then that the crowd swayed to and fro in eager anticipation, and cheer upon cheer went up. A visitor thus describes the scene. He says:

"Shortly after our arrival on the Dixie, we witnessed the trial of the new steam fire engine and that mammoth steam pump of Capt. Flavel's in which the latter was undoubtedly triumphant. But a more ludicrous scene could not be imagined, everybody excited, boys hooted and frantically 'lighted along them hose.' Old men stood back aghast at such juvenile recklessness; fair maidens giggled and kept clear of the spray; excited leaders shouted till hoarse; everybody wanted to hold the pipe [hose], and as many as could

possibly get a hand on it assisted in holding the same. Capt. F. confident of success, calmly walked the Occident's piazza. The boot black offered to bet ten shins against two bits. . . . Did you see some fourteen men holding or attempting to hold No. 1's pipe, which spasmodically belched forth its salt water, not the least intimidated by the Chief of Police holding as 'first man?' Did you see how often No. 2 jammed their patent resting machine into the new wharf? Did you see how often they aimed high and how many homeless canines were introduced to a flood tide? How frantic mothers sought missing children; wives, dissipated husbands; fond loving maids, delinquent sweethearts; enraged landlords, impecunious boarders. Did you miss all this stranger? If so, you missed one of the most momentous experiments ever attempted in this city, which although disastrous to dignity and attempted enterprise has proven that the old way is the best way and affords most gratification to both parties." ♦



Rescue Fire Engine Co. No. 2

Election years in Clatsop's past.
Campaigning in Astoria



Photos on these two pages and on the cover are from the collection of James and Carol Bingham.

A U.S. Air Force jet brought Vice President Nixon to the Clatsop County Airport in 1959 where he was greeted by Harry M. Steinbock, long-time mayor of Astoria (from January 1959 to December 1974).

Regarding the cover photo: Dan Thiel, former State Senator and Astoria's postmaster, leads U.S. Senator John F. Kennedy into the John Jacob Astor Hotel to attend a political luncheon in his honor in the fall of 1960. After the luncheon, Dan Thiel asked Kennedy if he would like to take a walk along Commercial Street, to which the future U.S. President agreed. They strolled into a men's store, then into Thiel's Restaurant, owned by uncles of Dan Thiel, where Kennedy strode into the back and shook hands with the cook. The next stop was a bank where a friend of Thiel's was a teller who had earlier confided to him that her greatest wish was to be able to meet John F. Kennedy. The men walked up to the window of the teller, and Kennedy introduced himself to the awe-struck woman who was moved to tears. (In the background of the photo is Bjorkland's Appliance Store; the building is presently occupied by Thiel's Music, owned by Denny Thiel, son of Dan Thiel. From January 1957 to March 1968 Dan Thiel was State Senator; then he served another eleven years as Postmaster in Astoria.)



"Sock it to 'em, Bob," reads the sign on the wall behind Robert Kennedy, who in May 1968, stopped off in Astoria to deliver a speech in his campaign for the presidency, a short two weeks before his death. He was greeted by a crowd estimated at 500 people, filling Safeway's west parking lot. In the photo at top Robert Kennedy points to his wife, Ethel Kennedy, standing at right. Photo at bottom shows a part of the crowd waiting for him to speak.



Astoria: On the Wild Side

REED'S SPORTING PALACE

Although it was later claimed that George Hill's occupation was selling insurance, the city directories from Astoria show that he operated a saloon and variety theater for many years near the southwest corner of 8th and Astor. The nature of this business is revealed by a look at the furnishings of Reed's Sporting House that he bought at auction on the 10th of August 1886 for \$150 as listed in the Clatsop County Miscellaneous Record Book 1, pages 246-247, items that were probably used in his "sporting palace."

25 Arm Chairs
5 Straight-Back Chairs
1 Round Table
1 Sq. Table
1 Stud Table
1 Faro Table
1 Clock
1 Swinging Lamp
9 Bracket-Lamps,
4 Spittoons,
13 Framed Pictures,

2 Figure Cromos,
2 Buckets,
1 Case Coal Oil,
1 Coal Oil Tank,
1 High Stool,
13 Beer Glasses,
10 Plain Glasses,
9 Wine Goblets,
5 Small Liquor Glasses,
1 Fancy Water Faucette on the Counter,
2 Patent Champagne Bottles
6 Syrup and Bitter Bottles
2 Vases
2 Statuettes
10 Fancy Liquor Bottles Stamped
15 Pkgs. Playing Cards
9 Demi johns
19 Napkins
2 Wall Brackets
1 Hand Lamp
1 Wire Card Rack
a quantity of Rubber Hose
1 Bracket Lamp

and each and every article of furniture in the seven bed-rooms in and over the building commonly known as "Reed's Sporting Palace" on Comcomly [Astor] Street in Astoria. ♦



CCHS #7093 - 400 F

Foster's Exchange Saloon at 698 Commercial was operated by Lars Larson in 1891. This was located on the N.W. corner of 16th and Commercial.

Reminiscences

From Gordon D. Kinney comes the following:

"Recently, while rereading copies of *Cumtux*, I ran across a photograph of Hollywood 'B' grade movie stars dining on crab at the Hotel Astoria Grill.

"As a small boy, living in Gearhart, I was thrilled at the news of Hollywood 'invading' Clatsop County, to shoot *Roaring Timber* on logging property. Many loggers from gypo outfits (my father's included) were hired as extras.

"One evening between takes, my father arrived home from camp and in disgust said that the extras had been fired and that the movie company was

bringing in men from Hollywood. Seems as though the director wanted to stage a brawl between rival timber companies on a railroad trestle. Somehow the 'gentle' Swedes, Norwegians, and Finns from Clatsop County did not act tough enough. At that moment my hero worship of one Jack Holt vanished. My father never again entered a movie theatre unless Shirley Temple or Rogers and Astaire were starring.

"Perhaps other 'depression era' people remember this incident."

Peggy Bue and her sister, Mary Mason, related this story:

One day in about the year 1895, Gus Peterson and his cousin, Ole Hagen, both about ten or twelve years old, had been out fishing on Mill Creek near Tongue Point. The boys were tired and eager to get back to their homes in uppertown. A horse drawn cart, heading west proved a temptation they could not pass up. The driver never noticed the boys leap onto the back of the cart and hide under in the warm blankets they found there. Approaching 37th Street,

they jumped out, alerting the horrified driver that the boys had successfully hitch-hiked a ride on a pest wagon that had just delivered, to Tongue Point, a load of bodies of people who had died of smallpox and diphtheria, and had been wrapped in the blankets the boys found so comfortable. Gus and Ole survived this and the tongue-lashing they received to take part in other adventures.

One of Lavina Christensen Brandon's many stories:

In order to visit her brother, Riphath (Rip) Christensen, who was working for Ralph Harder on his farm about 1937, Lavina and another brother, Nethaneel, had to walk across a long, narrow, swinging bridge that hung over the Lewis and Clark River. It had a floor of wood slats woven together with cable and another long cable served as a handrail. "Everytime I got on the

bridge," Lavina said, "Nethaneel would grab hold of the cable and shake the bridge until it swung back and forth. I would hang on, crying, then fall to its deck and, in the cracks between the slats, see the water far below and I'd lie there screaming. I don't think I ever did cross all the way over." Story-telling is a tradition in this family and Brother Nethaneel tells some good ones, too.

View of Astoria's Nor



Compare this photo to the centerfold in the previous issue: the locations are about two blocks apart. This photo was taken from a point S.W. of the intersection of 15th & Irving Sts. in Astoria. Near the center of this page is the old Catholic Church where the Star of the Sea School is now. All the buildings east of the church on the same block were removed. On the corner of 15th & Franklin is the Nancy Welch house, since replaced. Above it is the Central Hotel on Commercial. To the right is the Union Pacific wharf.

th Slope - About 1894



CCHS Photo #49-900

The N.E. corner of 15th & Grand shows a vacant lot; the house that is there now was moved from the S.E. corner of 14th & Franklin about 1895. The James Taylor house is to the right of the Episcopal Church. The large house on the right of the photo is the Philip Cherry house, 836-15th St. Shively School, now gone, is above & to the right of it. The house at the bottom of this page, 1497 Irving, survives. See Vera Gault's Walking Tour of Astoria.

Sven Anders Gimre's Shoe Store Centennial

Iona Gimre Peterson

Pioneer Sven Anders Gimre, an immigrant from Norway, started his shoe business in Astoria, 100 years ago, in the year 1892.

It lasted through tragedy, fire, depression, war years, and illness, to become the oldest shoe store in the state of Oregon. It was his wish for his sons Kermit and Anders, and daughter, Iona to carry on his shoe business, which he operated for 54 years.

Gimre, the second son of Andreas and Ingeborg, was born in Sola, a rural area near Stavanger, Norway, on August 13, 1865. Times were hard for his parents in making a subsistence, living mainly on potatoes and what the farm could produce. Sven walked many miles to and from school when not needed on the farm. After completing a sixth grade education, he opted to learn a skill in some craft and decided to learn how to make shoes. Sven apprenticed with a master craftsman for four years in the city of Stavanger, in return for

receiving instruction, room, and board. He slept on an attic floor.

In the meantime his older brother



Courtesy of Iona Gimre Peterson

Sven Anders Gimre, age 24, in front of his store at 543 Bond (old numbering), near the SW corner of 12th and Bond Streets in 1892.

Peder, by three years, journeyed to America in 1888, and on to Astoria where a Norwegian friend lived. Several years earlier on Christmas Eve 1885, electricity finally glowed through the muddy thoroughfare of Astoria.

On March 14, 1890, Sven wrote his brother plans to join him in Astoria. He thanked Peder for sending a steerage passage ticket, and wrote that he planned to leave Stavanger on March 22. He said that he probably would spend Easter travelling on the Atlantic Ocean or on the railroad in America, and hoped to see him after Easter. He was going to travel with several boy friends. None of them could speak English.

Gimre said that Astoria was quite a rough town around the turn of the century, and that there were 40 saloons, one on every corner. His first job was wheeling sawdust in an Astoria mill. He was a laborer in a sawmill in Washington, with wages of 10¢ an hour. Out of his daily earnings of one dollar, he paid a roundtrip fare to cross Columbia River.

In 1892 he returned to his trade and opened his own shop at 543 Bond Street. He started in business by making loggers boots and repairing boots and shoes. Sven possessed an art that few could excel. After softening leather to make it pliable, he would handstitch a pair of full soles on to "loggers". With needle and strong thread, he stitched, putting one needle in as he pulled another needle out of the same hole and finishing them to perfection. He "treadled" an old sewing machine as he sat and placed an eyelet or patched a shoe. A friend, Mr. Bergmann of Bergmann Shoe Company in Portland, offered him several dozen pairs of shoes on consignment to be paid as the shoes sold. Now Sven was in retailing as well as making and repairing shoes!

Gimre enjoyed the outdoors. For relaxation he participated in skits and plays at the city park, and for exercise

he walked to Seaside and bathed in the ocean. He hiked to the top of Saddle Mountain.

His first marriage was marred with tragedy when he lost his entire family. In 1905 a three year old son died of illness, and eight years later his 13 year old son accidentally drowned. Then, in 1914, eight months after this loss, his wife and two daughters drowned in the Columbia River in a car accident. Only Sven survived. They were buried at Greenwood Cemetery where the only means of transportation was by boat.

Gimre campaigned and contributed to build the first YMCA in 1913. Business prospered with three sawmills and eight canneries very busy, employing hundreds of workers. Regatta days were a big event. Sven attended many events in and around Astoria. In the year 1915, he was present at the formal opening of a canal at Celilo Falls, and also attended the opening of the Columbia River Highway between Astoria and Portland, forty miles up the highway. He said that about 115 autos from Astoria, but not more than 43 cars from Portland met for this historic occasion.

Sven met his Norwegian bride, Kirsten Larsen of Chicago, on a visit to Stavanger. Both had recently lost family members and were on a trip to the land of their birth. After a courtship correspondence, they were married and six children were born. They are Kermit, Anders, Iona, Anita, Grace, and Hilda.

The 1922 crash and depression with the closure of banks was another blow. Gimre was a heavy stockholder and lost his fortune, but not his honesty. One day a customer mistakingly gave Gimre a \$100 bill for a ten dollar purchase. Gimre ran a long way to fetch him.

Both Kermit and Anders enlisted in the service in World War II. Kermit served in the European conflict and Anders in the Air Force in the States. In April 1943 Sven suffered a severe



Courtesy of Iona Gimre Peterson

The Gimre family on Sven & Kirsten's 25th Wedding Anniversary, September 22, 1940 in the family home at 509 Harrison Avenue, Astoria. From left, Kirsten Gimre (mother), Kermit Gimre, Iona Gimre Peterson, Grace Gimre Schlettler, Sven Anders Gimre (father), Anita Gimre, standing behind her father, Hilda Gimre Comish, sitting next to her father on the right, and Sven Anders Gimre, Jr.

stroke and was bedfast for many months. Iona, who had worked with her dad earlier, took charge of managing the store until her father was able to return to his business. A shoe drummer advised her to give up the business, but she was determined to keep the store in operation until her brothers returned from the war. A family slogan through the years was "A Gimre Never Gives Up The Ship!"

Gimre believed in the growth of Astoria. He was prominent in civic affairs and an active member of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce. He was a member and elder of the Presbyterian Church, a charter member and Vice-President and President of the Sons of Norway, and a member of the Scandinavian and Benevolent Society and Modern Woodmen of America. It was in his repair shop by his iron shoe stand where he was stricken with a fatal

stroke in 1946.

All of Gimre's children learned how to sell shoes and worked in the business when needed. His legacy continues. Now his grandchildren, Jon and Peter, operate Gimre's Shoe Stores in Hillsboro and Seaside. Kermit is often seen helping out in his dad's store on Fourteenth Street. Anders passed away in 1987 and will be greatly missed at this year's celebration. Gimre's children and grandchildren salute the memory of their father and grandfather, Sven Anders Gimre, on his Centennial Year 1992! ♦

An Old Joke . . .

Whose business in
Astoria is the most profitable?

Answer – The fishermen's, for their
profits are all net profits.

From the June 9, 1877 Astoria newspaper

The Dog Wheel

Arthur E. Harder

My father's name was Carl Friedrick Erdman Harder. He was born May 30, 1838 at a small village in Rosenhagen, Germany, which is not too far from Stetene, Germany – perhaps a hundred miles or more. My father's father had a lime kiln where he burned lime rock for commercial use. He lived to be quite old, 92 years. My father died at the age of 57 in the year 1895. His father wanted to make a sea captain of him, so he left home at fifteen years of age and hired out on a sailing ship, in the trades between South America and Germany. After several years, he ran away from his ship in Brazil and hired out on another sailing ship and sailed around Cape Horn and up the West Coast to the Columbia during his sailing days. He went up the Columbia River and settled at Oak Point, Washington, around 1865. He had two brothers, Otto and August Harder. Otto visited my father when he was living at Oak Point, Washington, or Youngs River, Oregon, and then he left never to be heard of again. It will soon be one hundred years since he has been lost. We think he settled some place here in the west.

THE MOVE TO OREGON

My father and mother, C.F. Harder and Louisa M. [Althaber] Harder, lived there at Oak Point on their farm for approximately ten years. There was no school within walking distance and the roads were bad, so they decided to sell the place and move to where the children could go to school. They settled on Youngs River, Oregon. This place did not prove satisfactory as the

children had to go to school in a row boat. So they sold this place and moved to the Upper Lewis and Clark Valley in 1882. This place has been in the Harder name ever since and is now owned by my son, Fred Harder. [It is now owned by Jack Burkhart - Editor's note.]

Here there was no school, so they



Courtesy of Mrs. Gunnar (Neva) Helligso

*Louisa Maria Althaber Harder,
born June 1847, died February 1931.*

hired teachers to teach in their homes until the first school house was built.

BUTTER-MAKING ON THE FARM

The land was rich, but in heavy timber; spruce trees so large they had no saws long enough to cut them down, so they burned them down. The land was gradually cleared 'til we had a herd of about thirty cows. This milk was manufactured into butter. This butter and other farm produce had to be taken to Astoria in a row boat and sold or traded for home necessities. All the work of manufacturing this butter was left to my mother, with the help of the

children. She set the milk in pans; after the cream had raised, it was skimmed off and the milk fed to hogs. The cream was put into a large churn with a crank on each end. This churning into butter sometimes took hours of hard work, and with this many cows, a churning had to be put out every other day. This job became so tiresome that my mother told Dad that something had to be done.

THE FIRST WHEEL

About one thousand feet away from the house was a small waterfall. He told my mother he thought that by putting in a ten foot wheel and leading a long cable, as a belt supported on trees and posts with pulleys, he could get power to do the churning. That fall and winter, the wheel was built and set in place under the waterfall. A small dam was built and a flume to the wheel.

Spring came, the cows freshened and we were ready for another year of work.

My mother loaded the churn with cream, and of course all the children, big and little (only ten of us) were on hand to see the new wheel in operation. My father told one of us boys to go and raise the head gate to a certain notch. The boy started on a dead run for the waterfall. He got there all tired out and anxious to see what was happening at the house, pulled the gate clear out and laid it down and ran for the house. The dam was full and of course the flow of water started the wheel and the long cable began moving. Pulleys squeaked and the churn began to revolve. Everybody was happy thinking our work would be lightened so much. About half way through, the churn began to slow up. The water in the dam had lowered 'til the flume was only half full of water, but with a little help with a crank on the churn, the churning was finished. Father told one of the boys to go over and stop the wheel. Two of us went, and went to put the head gate in.

It had disappeared - and no way to shut the water off. I can remember seeing my brother climb down in the canyon, take a two by four and throw it into the arms of the wheel. It happened to fall edgewise and when it struck the standards, the wheel bounced back and forth several times and came to a stop. A new head gate was made and a few minor changes made, but it was not a success. In May and June the churnings increased and the water in the creek decreased until there was not water enough to fill the dam from one churning to the next. Then there was another drawback. A little wind would come up and limbs would blow down and break the cable. So that summer the churnings were mostly ground out by hand.

DOG POWER

That fall my father told my mother, "I don't see why we can't use these dogs we have here for power. I am going to take that ten foot water wheel and mount it on posts and put the dogs on top of the wheel. I believe it will work." That winter the wheel was taken out of the canyon and put up at the milk house; a stairway was built by the side of the wheel and a house built over the top where the dog was tied.

We had a large, fat Shepherd dog. This hefty dog encouraged my father a lot in this venture. So we children began training the dog to run the wheel. The dog sensed the fact that he was in the air and did not like that part of it, but we soon trained the dog a little at a time, to run the wheel. When spring came he was pretty well trained - but, of course, to run an empty wheel. Churning day came and another great day for all of us to see what would happen. Mother had the churn ready and Father told us to tie the dog in the wheel. When this was done, he released the brake, but the motion of the churn was too slow - so the dog was tied a little longer so he

would be down the slope of the wheel more. This speeded up the churn about right but the dog was loping along to keep up with the wheel. This went on for a while and with every minute, his tongue came out further. He stayed with it as long as he could then he reared back and broke the collar. He landed out on the platform at the head of the stairs, but he wasn't long getting down to lie in the shade. The cranks were put back on the churn again and finished by hand. This went on in a discouraging way all summer, mostly hand work. My mother told Father that she did not think this could be successful, but father said he thought it would, but it would require a larger wheel so the dog would not have to run so fast. Fall came, Father said, "I am going to build a twenty foot wheel and that will give us more power and the dogs can easy stand one churning." So that winter was spent building this twenty foot wheel. The long stairs were built, but he had to start away back by the milk house in order to come out the the top of the wheel. The

house was built over the top where the dogs were tied, and again things were progressing about right to meet the first churning. The day finally came. Mother fixed the churn, but kept her fingers crossed. The dogs were pretty well trained on the previous wheel, but getting Don, the fat dog, up that high in the air was something. He was coaxed and half dragged up and tied in place - not too far down the slope. My father released the brake. The wheel started and the churn had the right motion. He climbed the stairs and the dog was just trotting along. The churning was completed and everything was declared a big success. The dog was loosed, petted by everybody, but did not respond like he usually did. He just went over and laid down. No doubt he must have wondered how long this was going to keep up. Well, it went on for about two months, everything was working fine. On churning days, as soon as the dog was tied in place, we boys would get out of there for fear that something would happen and we would



Courtesy of Mrs. Gunnar (Neva) Helligso

A model of the dog wheel, designed by Charles F. Harder, that operated successfully for ten years. "No dog ever tired on this wheel."

have the churning to finish.

A SAD EVENT

Well, one day something did happen. Along in May, a beautiful warm morning came on churning day. The dog was put in the wheel and when mother was ready, she released the brake. The wheel started as usual and everything went off fine. Mother always had so much to do in the butter room, so she busied herself there while the churning was being done, glancing out occasionally to see that everything was all right. Later on she looked out and noticed that the churn and wheel had stopped. She went out to investigate, climbed the long stairs to where the dog was, and there to her surprise found the dog hanging from the rope. She spoke to him, but no response. She hurried down the stairs and got some of the boys to relieve the dog. The dog was cut loose and pulled onto the platform. We did what we could to revive the dog, but of no avail; he was dead. We carried the dog down and laid him in the shade. In the meantime one of us boys was sent to tell my father, who was working in the field. He came home hurriedly and with a sad look on his face. It was a great blow to all of us. Nobody had taken into consideration the warm day and the dog, on a trot, had played out. The churning was finished by hand and that afternoon we had the funeral. A grave was dug over by the chicken yard and old Don was laid away. Mother cried and so did we children. We put flowers on his grave and went away saddened by his loss. Father went over to the wheel and took a long look at it. He didn't say anything. After a while, he went into the house, took a pencil and began to figure. Mother finished up her butter work and cooked the evening meal and the day passed in a quiet way.

We were badly crippled, and we found it out quickly when the next churning day had come. We had no dog heavy enough to run the wheel, so the

cranks were put on the churn again. Later on, we got another dog, but he had to be trained. We also had a little black dog, one of those snarly kind. He was trained, and we tried to use both dogs on the wheel at the same time, but there was not room enough for both dogs to work comfortably. So the churnings that year were mostly done by hand. My father, who was greatly grieved at the loss of his big dog, still believed that the wheel could be made to work. Mother was willing to abandon the whole thing; but he had some figures now to present to my mother. He figured how fast a dog could walk comfortably, and the right speed of the churn. It would require a wheel thirty-two feet in diameter. Mother protested, and asked how he could get a 32 foot wheel that high in the air to stand the storms and how would a structure like that look. But Father would not yield and made plans to build another dog wheel.

THE NEW WHEEL

That fall he went into the woods across the river, and began getting out timber for the new wheel.

We boys were kind of on my mother's side, as this building dog wheels for three straight winters in mud, rain and storm was getting under our skin. But nothing stopped his plan.

The timbers were felled and dragged to the river bank. There they were peeled and rolled into the river and dragged out on the other side.

We had a yellow Shepherd dog who had the habit of holding his bushy tail down so when he crossed any mud, his tail would drag. He always had a dirty tail and when he came home, Mother was always complaining of the mud he left on the porch and walls. This day Father and the boys were peeling these poles on the river bank. The dog was there with an extra dirty tail. He said, "Towser, come here. I want to cut your tail off." We boys took it as a joke,

but the dog came to him and sat down in front of him with his tail over the pole he was peeling. We looked up just in time to see the ax come down and his tail was off about six inches from his body. We boys were horrified at this, but the dog hardly felt it and went about as though nothing had happened. It bled a little, and in a few days healed. We had a clean dog after that.

The timbers were taken home, prepared and laid where they would have their places in the building. The building was twelve by forty feet and about thirty feet high. The timbers were left round, only flattened where the bearings were. The posts were mortised into the plates, four posts on each side. A long gin pole was set up, supported by guy lines, in the center of the building. This could be swung to any position desired. A two shive block, with ropes prepared, was hung from the top of the pole. This was done before the pole was raised. The lower block was hooked to the timber, another block was fastened to the lower end of the pole and the horse could pull at right angles and raise the timber. The posts were set up first in holes in the ground about five feet deep, then the plates were set on the posts and driven into the mortises. The cross plates were put in and pinned with wooden pins about 1 1/2" in diameter. He put up six heavy braces on the outside of the building, dug into the ground for wind protection. A roof was put on, also sides of 1" x 12" running up and down. It was a peculiar looking building towering high above the house. Mother didn't like the looks of it, but offered no complaint. The wheel was started, standards put up, arms made and fastened, and the rims put on. The wheel was about two and one half feet wide. Next we were told to nail the 1" x 6" boards to the outside of the rims. We got about half of the boards on when my father called a halt; he had made no provision for a stairway to get the dog up. Things were

at a standstill. The next day he said, "Why not put the dogs on the inside of the wheel? The dogs will be more efficient near the ground than thirty two feet in the air." this was decided on and the boards we had put on had to come off and be nailed on the inside of the rims. He also had us spread the rims apart to four feet wide where the dogs walked. So all the boards we had nailed on were too short and new boards had to be used. This was done in a few days and the new wheel revolved in pretty good shape. It was a little out of balance and wobbled a little, but not enough to strike anything in making the revolution.

While my father was looking it over, the thought came to him that he didn't know how he was going to tie the dogs in the wheel. He was stumped again but somehow he always came out with a solution. He said, "We will hang a four by six with a strap around the axle." For this he used a spring off an old bear trap on the inside of the wheel so it hung free. Then two one by fours about fourteen feet long were nailed one on each side of the four by six, also free. The ends were brought together and nailed. The dogs were tied one on each side. This led the dogs and kept them in the desired place. The wheel was taking shape fast now and we hoped this would be the last of wheel building.

It was getting along towards spring. The cows were beginning to freshen and would not be long before the churning would start. So we hurried with the work. A belt tightener was constructed and a brake installed. The churn was moved into place and a long one-half inch cotton rope was passed around the outside of the wheel, then though the shive in the tightener, around the pulley on the churn, and spliced together. This rope was used as a belt. Everything was complete.

Father looked it over, then showed and explained everything to Mother.

She did not say much and I think still had her fingers crossed; but she would not have needed to.

THE FINAL TOUCH

It was a great day that spring morning. Mother had the churn loaded with cream. All the children were there, when Father said, "Boys, tie the dogs in the wheel." This was soon done and the word came back that everything was all right. The belt tightener was pulled down another notch and my father went over to the brake and said, "Rover, it's all yours."

The great wheel started, the churn revolved at the right speed, and the dogs were in a slow walk. Believe me, his figures were right. His dream was fulfilled; it was a perfect success.

This wheel was used successfully for approximately ten years with never a breakdown, and no dog ever tired on this wheel.

THE MILK CAR

Although it took four years to perfect the dog wheel, it did lighten our work considerably; there were many more things on our farm that could stand improvement. One was getting the milk from the barn to the house, a distance of about 500 feet. In those days we used three-gallon cans, and during the flush season, we got as many as twelve three-gallon cans to the milking. This, besides buckets, strainers, etc., had to be carried to the house, and put into pans and left to set until the cream rose so it could be skimmed off. Later on we purchased the first cream separator in our neighborhood. Then the next milking all this equipment had to be carried back to the barn again. So my father said he was going to build a milk car to do this. He took long cedar posts, about ten feet long and six inches square and set them in the ground, deep, so they would be solid. He cut a slot in the top, one inch wide and four inches deep so they could slip a 1" x 6" board

on edge. That left 2 inches over the top of the post for the car wheel to roll and clear the post. The car was about six feet long and one foot wide, with a wheel, with flanged sides, close to each end of the car in tandom fashion; then four arms came down to within two feet from the ground and a with platform on each side, nailed to the arms, for the cans to sit on. Then two guard rails, nailed to the posts, one on each side, even with the platforms. These kept the car from striking the posts as the car was pushed along; but it had to be loaded evenly, otherwise it acted as a brake rubbing along on the guard rails. The track was ironed on top, so it would not sliver up the rail from the constant going and coming. The milk car was certainly a great labor saver. It made a lot of noise, squeaking, screeching, with cans and buckets rattling, but it did the work and that was the main thing.

THE JUNK DEALER

One summer evening we were eating supper when a traveling junk dealer came to the kitchen door to ask if we had any junk to sell. He had tied his horse at the barn close to the track, hitched to the wagon load of junk that he had gathered that day. He smelled the food and my mother could tell by his actions that he was ready for something to eat, so she asked him in for supper. He didn't lose any time, as he was there almost before she had a plate for him. He loaded up his plate and started to eat.

The rest of us were about through. The hired man had gone out to load the cans and buckets on the milk car, and started for the barn, when I saw the horse bent in a "U" shape looking at the car coming toward him. He gave a big leap, broke the tie rope, and away he went up the skid road where the loggers haul the logs out of the woods. When the wagon hit the skids, which were about eight-foot intervals, this whole wagon load of junk, copper boilers, tin

pans, hides and everything imaginable, flew up into the air and spilled all over the road. About a hundred feet further, the front axle tore loose from the wagon box; that left the front wheels still fast to the horse. Half of the time the wheels were in the air higher than the horse when he was running up the skid road. A few hundred feet further, the horse must have stumbled and fallen and turned a complete summersault, tearing the front wheels from the shafts. When the horse got up, he was headed the other way. Here he came full speed out of the woods with only the shafts. The door of the horse barn, where the loggers kept their horses, was open. He ran straight through this door, into the stall alongside of one of the big logger horses, in a stall only large enough for one horse.

In the meantime, one of us boys ran back to the house to tell the junk dealer his horse had run away. The junk dealer was about half through eating. He jumped up, with his mouth full of food and yelled, "Whoa! Whoa!" as he ran for the barn. The horse had been to the woods and back, wedged in by the side of the big logger horse, long before he even got started for the barn, yelling "Whoa!" at every jump. He surveyed the wreck, and noticed the front part of the wagon was missing. He ran into the woods and soon came upon the missing parts. He grabbed the front wheels, axle, the whole thing, and carried it down to the rest of that wagon, about 150 pounds. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. He made a deal with my brother to haul his junk down to the boat landing which took him to town the next morning. All the man who loaned him the horses and wagon got out of it was the job and expense of fixing his wagon. He never saw the junk dealer again.

RUNAWAY CAR

Another time when the milk car was involved was an incident involving

our hired man, who was a Swiss. He was a nice enough fellow, but kind of thoughtless. One morning we did the milking and loaded all the milk, cans and buckets on the milk car. The man took the load and started for the house. He was about 300 feet ahead of the rest of us. He had peculiar eyes. There were just the opposite of cross-eyes; when one eye looked at you, the other eye looked out sideways. When he neared the house, he noticed my sister in the kitchen window. She was slicing bacon on the drain board and preparing breakfast. She wasn't looking at him but he didn't want to miss any chance of catching her eye. Now, I don't know which eye he had on her, but we wondered afterwards why that wouldn't have worked for him, to have one eye on her and the other one on the end of the track. Anyway, the car went down with a bang. Buckets and cans of milk tumbled off with spilled milk running away in a stream. He came out of his trance in a hurry, wanted to pay for the milk; but we called it an accident and went on. The only ones that suffered were the hogs, who were a little short in their feed. The junk dealer suffered some loss on account of the milk car, and we, too, lost an occasional can of milk, but, it was far better and easier than the old way.

DEEPENING THE WELL

Now, another thing that was to our disadvantage was the shortage of water in our well. This well was about 40 feet deep. It produced excellent, clear cold water, which was necessary in making butter, but in the summer and fall it gave out. That meant that we would have to hitch up the horse and go to the river, with all the milk cans, and haul water. This water was not as clear and cold as the well water and could not be used for the butter making, only for washing clothes, etc. Therefore, the well water had to be saved for drinking, cooking and butter making. This went

on for several seasons. Then my father said we would have to deepen the well and try to find more water. This well was in solid rock, which meant that every bit had to be blasted out with dynamite, which was a very dangerous job. We had two Italians working for us - Tony and Mike. Tony, who was the more brainy of the two, had had a little experience with powder while working on the railroad in Colorado. He was happy when my father asked him if he could do it and said, in his Italian brogue, it was right down his alley.

A windlass was made and set up about three feet high over the well. For this we used a round pole about six inches in diameter and four feet long, with four holes bored in one end. Then handles about two feet long drove into the holes. A large rope wound around the pole and a bucket about eight inches in diameter and three feet long to hoist the rock and water out.

Drills were sharpened; pick handles and shovel handles were cut off so they could be used in this cramped place, and the men were ready to deepen the well. Tony was lowered into the well, then drills and hammers, and the holes in the rock readied for the blast. This was a slow job to drill holes in the hard rock. While this was going on, father took a trial fuse three feet long, lit it, and timed it to see how long it would take to burn out. Then he timed the job of getting Tony out of the well. When he had this figured out, he doubled the length of the fuse so as to be sure to get Tony out of the well in plenty of time.

The first shot was ready. Father told Tony not to lose any time; as soon as the fuse was lighted to sit on the bucket and we would soon pull him out. In a couple of minutes Tony's head showed up in the dark hole, swinging round and round from the twist in the rope. He was landed on the platform and the windlass removed. Then the suspense was on. The fuse was twice as

long as need be for safety sake. Everyone was at a safe distance, straining to see what was going to happen. Tony said it was surely a misfire, but after a few more long minutes, the blast went off. Rocks came out like shot out of a shotgun. After the smoke cleared away, the well was mucked out, and another shot was readied. Tony yelled, and soon he was pulled out and the windlass removed. He only got about ten feet away when it went off. Father was shocked, and inquired of Tony where the difference in time came in. Tony in his Italian brogue said, "Wat-a too long, cut-a the fuse-a off." Father sure told him plenty. Tony knew better that to do that again!

This drilling and blasting continued for a good many days 'til they had the well down to 55 feet and a good supply of water was reached. Tony had one more shot ready just before dinner, and it was decided not to go any deeper. We noticed the men had grown a lot more careless along toward the last - such things as crimping the cap on the fuse with their teeth - but it was useless to warn them any longer as the job was so near done. Tony yelled and soon was out and the windlass removed; the blast went off. Mother and the girls had dinner ready and everybody had a hearty meal.

A QUICK RIDE TO THE BOTTOM

The men had left the table, and Mike took his place at the windlass. Tony had to put on his boots and sat on the platform. I came out of the woodshed door just in time to see Tony, sitting on the bucket, swing over the dark well. Mike had hold of the handles and had just started to lower him down, when all of a sudden his hand slipped off, and Tony was off for the bottom of the well. The handles of the windlass looked like an airplane propeller, only faster I think, as he weighed about 190 pounds. Somebody told the folks that Tony fell in the well. Everybody came

on the run. There was Mike on his hands and knees, calling "Tony! Tony!" But no reply. My father, who had a very strong, commanding voice, went over and called to him. Tony answered. He gave him a little more time, then asked him if he could sit up on the bucket. Tony responded, and was on his way up. Those were the longest minutes I ever lived - wondering if there would be a hole punched half way through Tony lengthwise by this long bucket he was sitting on and which would be the first thing to hit the bottom. Soon I saw his wet hat pulled down, turning round and round from the twist in the rope. I got a glimpse of his face, and saw that his eyes were closed. He was landed on the platform all in one piece, thank goodness, and taken away from the edge of the well. When he opened his eyes, the first one he saw was Mike. It made him so mad he let out a string of Italian so fast I don't think even Mike got half of it! The folks didn't want any argument at this time, so Tony was led away and put to bed. We did not know what to expect that night, as Mike occupied another bed in the same room. But everything turned out all right. Tony was up and around in a couple days, but he walked a little stiff-legged. The well was finished and we had an excellent supply of clear cold water.

It was a serious thing, and we boys knew it, but when Tony was none the worse off, we boys had lots of fun trying to figure out what Tony's thoughts were while dropping into that black well--that Mike should go soft and weak when the job was so near through. We thought we had it solved and decided that it must have been the large amount of food he stowed away - potatoes, corned beef and cabbage, home made bread, and all the good things that Mother had for dinner - that made the difference. Tony thought he had cause to believe it was deliberate on Mike's part, but we all knew better, so will skip it.

THE ABANDONED HOME

As the years went by, father died and some of the girls married. We continued to run the farm, but each year the family grew smaller, either marrying or going away to other employment. It was decided to rent the place. It took a natural course downhill. finally my brother and I bought the place, divided the land, and farmed. I built a new house in a more convenient place. I salvaged what I could from the old house and soon it was completely down.

Today, where this grand home was, is a field. The large house, the dog wheel, milk house, the windmill with its high tower, the barn, and all the smaller buildings that go to make up a farmstead, the fruit trees and shrubbery that grew old and brittle, were laid low little by little from the years of storm that broke them down. The hard-earned well, with its clear cold water, was filled up. All this was yielded to decay and had disappeared into the face of the earth. The grass grows luscious here, and the few remaining trees by the edge of the field still bear sweet fruit. The deer and the bear come down out of the woods on the old skid roads and trails, and go into this field to eat the tender grass and fruit from the few remaining trees at the edge of the field.

I go to the edge of the woods, near the little waterfalls, which seems to be the only permanent thing left, and hear the hissing sound of the water as it strikes the rocks in the canyon - the same sound I heard the first time I saw them as a boy. As I turn and look over the field, go away and think, what a change in just one lifetime. ♦

Arthur E. Harder was born in 1883 and died in 1974. Neva Helligso, his step-daughter, provided the story and photographs.

The Walluski-Labiske Neighborhood

Jean McKinney

Families Grow and the Landscape is Remodeled.

Dora Anna Petersen, daughter of Hans Petersen, became the wife of Dan Young in 1920 and they had a son Andrew in 1921.

The Pete Henningsens had three additional sons by 1923, Theodore, Palmer, and Howard.

By April of 1923, the Rasmussens had a family of five and a car. Mr. Rasmussen had borrowed money to buy the car in 1918 without any references or collateral. Sixteen years later when he decided they needed a new car, the bank asked for both. Mr. Rasmussen decided they could keep their old car a little longer.

Great Uncle Chris, the uncle with whom Nels had fished when he first arrived in Astoria, was living with the family about this time. All the children loved Uncle Chris. He told them tales of early Astoria and life on the river. Johanna became the third generation to fish the Shoo-fly Drift when she started fishing with her father. She was his "puller" for about ten summers.

JIMMY RYAN

When Jimmy Ryan returned from his tour of duty overseas, he went back to work in the woods. He was soon married to a young widow, Bessie Dickenson, who was a cook at one of the camps. She had a daughter, Delores, about Johanna Rasmussen's age. They lived with the senior Ryans. In February, 1923, the first day on a new job, Jimmy was killed when a log fell on him. The newspaper account of his

death said that "he was loved by many." After Jimmy's death, Bessie continued living with the Ryans and serving as clerk of the School Board.

Eddy Ryan "pulled riggin" for Jenner "Jinx" Parker after Palmer Logging pulled out. He also hauled logs in one of the first logging trucks. Then, for several years, he drove the shay for California Barrel from the camp to Olney. At the Olney store there were five or six big spruce trees where everybody who was coming or going stopped to rest and feed their horses. It was always dry under those trees even if it was raining hard.

CARL LABISKE

After school and in the summer, Carl Labiske worked at whatever job he could get. One of the best was picking strawberries for Mr. Britz when he was about ten years old. Mr. Britz made about a thousand dollars a year on berries. Carl liked working for him because Mr. Britz would tell him tales about the sea. Carl later worked for Dr. Waffle who lived on about thirty acres not far from the Labiske's. Mrs. Waffle, also a doctor, was Clara Young, eldest daughter of Benjamin Young. They didn't live there long, but moved back to town and came to the country only in the summer. Their home in Astoria, a historical Victorian home, has become a well-known "bed and breakfast" since the death of Jo Swanson, grand-daughter of Benjamin Young.

Carl's older sister Emma was work-

ing at the Chester-Fisher camp by Barth Falls as a "flunky" in about 1920. There she met a Swede working as a donkey puncher, with whom she fell in love. His name was also Carl, Carl Larson. He had come to the United States in 1908 at the age of eighteen in order to avoid serving in the Swedish army. Ironically, he was drafted during World War I and was sent back to Europe. He had just learned to speak English and felt that having to learn French was just too much. When he returned to the U.S. he went to Skagway and worked in the woods for a while. Eventually, he came to Walluski and found his bride. He and Emma moved into a house that was right next door to where she had grown up. They had four children: Kelly, June, Helen, and Robert. Emma Labiske Larson lived at the end of Labiske Road all her life, in just two houses. The

Larson house still stands, but Emma's granddaughter and family, the Ed Fishers, have built a new home on the property.

Ray Irving supplied wood for the Chinese community in the early '20's. He had to go to the Chinese Lottery House to find where he was supposed to deliver the wood. They always threw a couple of fifty pound bags of rice on top of his load, thus getting free delivery of the rice. After making his delivery, he had to go back to one of the contractors at the Lottery House to get paid. These were Chinese laborers brought over here by labor contractors. All of their business and daily needs were taken care of by the contractor.

In February of 1921, Eda Hauke, Johanna Rasmussen, and Annie Labiske were graduated from the Mountain View School. Johanna was thirteen, Eda



Courtesy of Jean McKinney

Mountain View School - about 1930

Front row: Nancy Osgood, Nels Rasmussen, Lila Anderson, Howard Henningson, Sylvia Parhaniemi, Evelyn Carlson, Elsie Paavola, Arthur Hanson, Gus Carlson.

Middle row: Palmer Henningsen, Lydia Parhaniemi, Otto Kenwisher, Chrissie Rasmussen, Wally Osgood, Ona Anderson, Carl Kenwisher, Helen Paavola, Andy Young.

Back row: Eleanor Hauke, John Ulrich, Annie Carlson, Gene Paavola, Viola Hanson, Ted Henningsen, Ellen Palmer, Albert Hanson.

Teacher: Bernice Peterson Baker behind Wally Osgood (center).

was fourteen, and Annie was fifteen. The celebration took place in the grange hall with the teacher, Mr. Wolfe, as master of ceremonies. When Johanna went to high school, she walked to the Nehalem Road and caught a ride with one of her classmates who had a car.

INGABORD RASMUSSEN

In the spring of 1924, the Rasmussens were clearing the field to the east of their house in preparation for building a larger barn. The men were setting the dynamite at the base of the stumps. Ingabord, fearing that they were a bit too close to the house, decided to remove her favorite lamp from the sewing machine beside the window. Sure enough, a knot from one of the stumps blew through the window and would have broken the lamp except for the precautions. The knots from the old stumps seemed never to rot. Each spring when they plowed the field, the children would be put to work picking up the knots. They were dried and used as firewood. The barn is still standing.

Ingabord still kept milk cows and sold butter and cream in town. The butter paper was kept in the drawer of the buffet and the girls wrapped butter in the evening for their mother. They also did the evening milking and the churning. The older girls got \$4.00 a month for building the fire in the schoolhouse stove so it would be warm when the teacher got there. In her later years in high school, Johanna drove the car to school and ran errands for the family and for the Mt. View School District.

THE BARTOLDUS FAMILY

When Waino Parhaniemi was eight or ten, he helped with the haying at the Bartoldus place. Bill and Charlie Bartoldus farmed the homestead, and Joe became county road boss. Charlie told Waino a story about something that happened when they first came to Walluski. They were putting up hay one

summer about 1889 when three Indians paddled over to get a closer look. The farm hands were ready to break for dinner and Charlie Bartoldus thought it would be great fun to ask the Indians to eat with them. His mother did not share his sport. For the next two days exactly at noon, the Indians came across from Russian Point (now known as Tide Point) in hopes the invitation would be repeated. They finally got the idea that the meal was a one-time offer.

ROAD WORK

The county agent ordered dynamite used for blowing stumps for anyone who needed it. On one occasion when Simon received word that his order was in, he took Waino with him to pick it up. When they got to the agent's office, one of the Lillenas girls working there told them that the Larson order was in also. So they paid for the dynamite and drove down to the port docks and picked up the right number of boxes for the two orders from an unguarded carload of dynamite.

Frank Elliott won the contract to build the road from the Irving house clear up to the old rafting ground. The machinery consisted of one Kampy team, Fred Britz' team of mules, and one Irving team. The crew was Frank Elliott and his son, Watson, John Anderson, Fred Britz, Matt Kampy, Simon Parhaniemi, and two Irving boys. They were confronted with what to do about some big spruce stumps, and finally decided to cut them off at ground level and grade the dirt right up over them instead of blowing them out with dynamite. About the time they got started with the grading, the county commissioners arrived to check on the progress. It is believed that they changed their plans and blew the stumps out before proceeding with the work. The building of that road changed the neighborhood and opened things up so that new school districts were formed and new friends made.

FIRE AT THE RYANS

By the mid-twenties many of the neighbors had telephones. One day Bessie Ryan made an urgent call to the Elliott's. The house was on fire, and she and Delores were alone. Frank ran up the railroad track heading for the Ryans. He saw the Irving boys working on a section of the road and yelled, "Tie up the horses, boys. Ryan's house is burning." Nels Rasmussen was at the Irvings' house so they all jumped in his "Chevie" 490 and went speeding down the rock road towards the Ryans. The driver went "uff uff" as the loaded car pulled up the incline, and the passengers held on for dear life when they gathered speed on the downhill. The fire was extinguished and the hole in the kitchen ceiling and roof was repaired, complete with new shingles found in the shed. All was as good as new before the senior Ryans returned from their trip to town.

In 1926 Ray Irving married Eva Olmstead. The neighbors staged a chivaree for the couple which began with an explosion that rocked the neighborhood. They built a house on the south side of Labiske Road which is now owned by Leroy Ward. They used the creek for water at first, but then the bears found that the sluice was a nice place to bathe. That muddied up the water and rendered it useless. Ray trapped three bears over a period of time. He had to drag each one downstream away from the water supply to bury them. Finally Ray hired Waino and Herman Labiske to dig a well for them.

Ray had two REO log trucks and a freight truck, and he worked at logging and hauling. He also had a milk route for a while. Later he and Eva raised mink and fed them on trash fish gleaned from the fishing fleet. For a time they were feeding the mink Albacore tuna. That lasted only until the fishermen realized what it was they were throwing away.

Glen Irving logged all his life. He

built a little house across the road from Ray and Eva and lived there by himself. It was later moved to make room for a new one. The original still stands on the McKinney property near Glen's barn. He had a family of coyotes which were raised in his field. They weren't really pets, but he could play with the pups, and the adult pair was not afraid of him. The coyotes could walk among the calves and not scatter them.

As the 1930's came on, most of the neighbors had enjoyed inside plumbing for eight or ten years and they were just getting electricity in the area. Labiske Road was completed to Kissville and rock was put on the road all the way around the Walluski Loop.

By this time Johanna Rasmussen had received her lifetime teaching certificate and was teaching school at the lower Tidewater Camp. She had a small cottage by the road where she lived during the week. She managed to come home on weekends most of the year. She made \$990.00 a year. The other Rasmussen girls were taking over more of the family chores. Chrissie did the laundry in the Maytag which had a gasoline engine. Each wash day she had to clean the spark plug first, then she could proceed with the washing.

Nineteen hundred and thirty was, by no means, the end of an era in the Labiske-Walluski neighborhood, but many who will read this can tell their own story from then on. Since this is a story which grows with each telling, you are encouraged to build on it. The descendants of Hugh Irving are no longer in the neighborhood, but those of Andrew Young, Thor Henningsen, Nels Rasmussen, Fred Parhaniemi, Frank Elliott, Julius Labiski, and Carl Larson still live here. The Simon Parhaniemi property is still in the family but no one lives in the house now. Waino lives in Warrenton and Sylvia and Lydia live in Portland. On September 23, 1930, Inga Mae was born to the Rasmussen family. She was enough younger than her older

sisters that she felt she missed out on the fun of the "early days" as she heard them tell their childhood tales. Nevertheless, she, as they, came to love the trees, the river, the hills and the open meadows, and she became a special part of the neighborhood and its story. Those who know her neighborhood know its seductive qualities.

Some other neighbors of the earlier days:

Jack Corrigan and his wife lived by the bridge just before Kissville. They were known to be heavy drinkers. One time Jack's wife woke him fearing he was going to be late getting to the camp to fire up the donkey engine. He stumbled into his clothes and hiked up to camp, and built the fire. When the day failed to dawn, he realized it was evening instead of morning. He and some of the other men were always getting into wrestling matches which didn't appear to be just for fun. Later when he was punching donkey on Green Mountain, he was rather seriously injured in a fight with the boom man.

Across the street from Mr. Britz, Henry Ford lived alone. He was a Civil War veteran and was living on a pension. He had built a white fence and planted apple trees and daffodils in his yard. All the boys in the neighborhood liked to go fishing in Highland Park, and when they passed by Mr. Ford's place on the way to go fishing, he called them in and gave them apples and oranges. The house is gone but his apple trees and daffodils are still there.

PORTUGUESE JACK

There was another neighbor called Portuguese Jack who was seldom seen. He lived in a little house

no more than 16'x20' located high up on the hill behind the Irving house. He made pulpwood for the steamboats and hauled it in a scow. The remains of the scow can still be seen at low tide just below the Parhaniemi place. Waino Parhaniemi remembers seeing the house long after it was abandoned. It had a loft for sleeping and a picket fence around it with apple trees and daffodils that still come up every year, providing their own kind of immortality.

The Captain E.P. Parkers had a summer house on the river behind the Roy Snyder property. They had four boys and four girls. Captain Parker owned a tugboat and built a barn for horses on his Walluski property. They also planted an apple orchard and a cherry orchard. They had a caretaker who lived there year round, a Mr. Herring. He used to help the Rasmussens put up hay. He also had a garbage contract and used to dump the garbage on the Parker's property down by the river. The Herrings had two daughters, Vivian and Marian.

The Saarajarvi's lived to the south on the Nehalem Road. One of the older boys got picked up one time for bootlegging and was put in jail. His brother went to visit him in jail and came home talking about how his big brother had a mattress and a looking glass.



Courtesy of Jean McKinney

An unidentified group of children from the Walluski area.

Bridget Grant is as well known now as she was then. The Grants lived on the Youngs River before 1900 near the Andrew Young place. She ran a "house" for seamen and is notorious for having operated the highest class shanghaiing operation on the coast.

Carl Labiske was twenty years old and working at the Tidewater Camp when Nick Melvin got hurt. "Big Sam" Churchill was brought in to replace him until he could come back to work. Forty years later, when young Sam Churchill (Big Sam's son) and his wife, Dorothy, retired to Astoria, Carl and young Sam became the best of friends.

NOTES

After William Trullinger's first wife, Hallie Raymond died in 1902, he married Katherine Osgood, another teacher at the Mountain View School, according to the *Astoria Daily Budget* of Dec. 23, 1903, pg. 6.

George Osgood (nicknamed Barney) married Jeanette Erickson whose parents had come from Finland and Norway to Astoria. Nancy Loukkula, Seaside, is their daughter. They also had a son, Wallace.

Clarence A. Palmer, son of Albert, who was the principal in the Palmer-Libby logging operation, took Edna Osgood as his second wife. They had two children, Ellen and Albert. The children were raised by their maternal grandmother, Flora Parsons Osgood. She had been raised in a convent and was very strict. Albert served as Clatsop County Commissioner and presently lives in Astoria.

George B. Palmer married Lucy Richardson in July of 1916.

When Bertha Elliott married Johnnie Anderson, they lived on a float house. It was eventually taken out of the water and made into a dry land home for the Elliotts. Johnnie worked for Palmer Logging as did his brother Hjalmer Anderson.

Carl Larson and Carl Labiske (brothers-in-law) had a logging compa-

ny from 1939 to 1957. Some of the pilings seen in the Walluski River near the sand bluff are left from the Larson-Labiske dump. Glen Irving and Jack Corrigan worked for them for a time. Watson Elliott was a boom man for Larson-Labiske, and Waino Parhaniemi, who was his helper, eventually fell into that job.

Mark Youtsler, whose family bought the Ryan home in 1936, took his first job with Larson-Labiske. He married Inga Mae Rasmussen in September, 1949, and they raised their family on the old Ryan place.

Eddy Ryan and his mother moved to a house by the Olney Store. Eddy retired from logging and worked at the store for some time.

The marriage of Carl and Emma Larson's daughter, June, to Palmer Henningsen in October 1945, linked the Larson, Labiske and Henningsen families. The Rasmussens and Henningsens had been yoked by the marriage of Nels and Ingabord forty years previously.

Kelly Larson, who lives in Astoria, owns the original Larson property with the exception of the parcel on which the old home and the Ed Fisher's new home stands.

George Irving died in August 1990. Ray and Eva are active and living in Eugene, Oregon. None of the Irvings have any living children. The original home and barn were sold in 1988. ♦

This concludes the three-part story of the Walluski-Labiske families by Jean McKinney who plans to publish a book on this same subject. Contact her if you have stories or photos to contribute. Jean can often be found at the Heritage Center adding stitches to the lovely needlepoint canvas created by Barbara Wagner.

River Travel Memories on the Lower Columbia

Charles E. Haddix

The close association between my family and the Columbia River began almost 100 years ago, shortly after my parents came to Astoria from Waco, Texas.

It began with the initial employment of my father, Charles H. Haddix, in the offices of Sam Elmore's cannery around 1903 and progressed on to his appointment as Deputy Collector of U.S. Customs and his accidental death in 1920. My own experiences began with my birth on a houseboat on the river in 1915 just west of the present day Maritime Museum and continued on until 1935 when I left as a coal passer on an English tramp steamer headed for central China. This was later to lead to graduation as a Third Mate from the U.S. Maritime Officers School in Alameda, California and on to a Chief Mate's license in Seattle, Washington in 1945.

Among my earliest recollections are stories of my father's boat, the *Wacotex*, and of his experiences when he was Commodore of the Astoria Motorboat Club. Other tales were of long night watches as a junior inspector on steamers loading coal at the port docks in Astoria. More pleasurable were the ones on a quarterdeck of a sailing ship going up the river to Portland. One exciting adventure was his trip to Neah-kah-nie mountain to represent the U.S. Government and take possession of the *S.S. Glenesslen* in 1912. Another was when he represented the U.S. Customs department in the interning of the sailing ship *Kurt*, later

named the *Moshalu*, when the United States entered World War I in 1916.

Friends told me stories of the famous river steamers of their day, the *Hassalo*, *Harvest Queen*, *Telephone*, *Ione*, *Undine*, *General Washington* and discussed whether the *T.J. Potter* or the *Bailey Gatzert* was the "queen of the river." Times have changed with their passing. The only remnant I can recall is the bones of the *T.J. Potter* on the shore of Youngs Bay near Astoria.

A newspaper article, written many years ago by Frank Sterrett, known as the "Salty Old Photog" of the *Oregonian*, recently refreshed my memory as he told of the stern wheelers and other river boats that used to travel up and down the Columbia and Willamette in years past.

They are almost all gone now, the way of the steam locomotive, horse and buggy, and street car. In fact I can only think of two stern wheelers today. Both are on the Mississippi river. One has a personal attachment – the famous *Delta Queen*. With all the talk of her Mississippi background, little is said of her original beginning as a passenger night boat between San Francisco and Sacramento, California. In 1942 she was assigned to the U.S. Maritime Commission where I attended navigation classes on her at Government Island in Alameda, CA. After the war she was prepared for her only ocean trip and sailed from San Francisco to New Orleans where she became a famous Mississippi River boat.



CCHS # 340-9041

The Georgiana

Gone with them is a way of life that can never be duplicated. In this day of jet planes and computers, progress is judged by speed and efficiency. Little thought is given to the pleasures and experiences of earlier days.

Looking back into history, Frank Sterrett wrote, Oregon became part of the United States in 1843 when the settlers on the Willamette river organized a provisional government at the little town of Champoege. Six years later the first large steamship to reach Oregon was the *Massachusetts*. From that time on steamers and windjammers began to play a big part in the growth and development of the area.

If you wanted to find a hectic life style in those days, you had to look no farther than that of a bridge tender. On the upper river they were always on the jump. No sooner had they closed the bridge but another whistle sounded to open it again. Romantic as that sounds

today it was not shared by those crossing the bridge. Today's super highways and trucks have eliminated that sort of life.

The familiar sight of a four-masted sailing ship being towed in or out of the river was a sight for earlier eyes than mine. I remember the huge cylindrical-shaped Benson log rafts with millions of board feet of timber as they were shepherded down and out of the river by large sternwheelers, truly a magnificent sight.

My earliest recollection of river boat travel was around 1923 on the *General Washington* as she plied her way between the O.W.R. & N. (Oregon-Washington Railway & Navigation) dock in Astoria and many obscure ports that could only be reached by water in those days. I can recall her daily trip of crossing the Columbia to Deep River in Washington where the ship went in a narrow channel with a

circular pool at the end with just enough space to turn around. For me on the upper deck I can still remember the sights and sounds of those trips.

Undoubtedly, one of the best known vessels of my time was the *Georgiana* named for Mrs. H.L. Pittock, the owner of the *Morning Oregonian*. The *Georgiana* was built in 1914 at the old Supple shipyard in Portland. She was designed especially for the passenger trade, and was trim and graceful with twin smoke-stacks, wide windows and Pullman-type seats which were so placed that passengers could enjoy a great view as she sped along the river.

The *Georgiana's* captain was L.P. Hosford. A large "H" on her stack told of her ownership by the Harkins Transportation Line. When the railroads took over the passenger business, the boat went into the freight business for many years.

I can recall going down to the ticket office at the McCormick Steamship dock at the foot of 11th Street on the waterfront in Astoria and purchasing a ticket to Portland for fifty cents. There were no passenger cabins nor was any food served, to the best of my knowledge. She would leave around two p.m. and head up river for Portland, arriving there around six a.m. What a trip that was for a young boy. Standing up on the bow as far as one could go, you felt as though she flew through the water with the cool wind blowing past your ears as she sped along. Passengers were an incidental accommodation in those days. Freight was the source of her revenue. As we raced over the river, suddenly bells would ring in the engine room and she would come to a stop. The side boards were out and a gangway on the forward part of the main deck quickly reached the nearby dock. Crew members rushed ashore to load milk cans and other freight from the farmers and to deliver their mail for them. Minutes later we were on our way

again. Old timers would tell me that Captain Hosford knew every dogs' bark and farmhouse light on the lower Columbia River and used them as navigation aids when neccessary. Any poor soul that thinks tearing along a freeway at 65 miles an hour is an experience in speedy travel has never travelled on a Columbia river boat like the *Georgiana*.

Times changed and the *Georgiana* was replaced by the *L.P. Hosford*. My romance of river travel went with her. The *Hosford* had a freight elevator on her bow that was the epitome of efficiency but she had none of the lines of the *Georgiana*.

Later I was to travel the river on newly launched liberty ships, tankers, and other vessels. The scenery was the same but the romance was gone and with it a way of life that was less hectic and when people took the time to "smell the roses." In all my travels on many rivers of the world from the Yan'tze in China to the Clyde in Scotland, none could compare with a river boat on the Columbia. A combination of unbeatable scenery with a way of life that lives only in the memories of those of us who were fortunate to experience it in our time. ♦

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Clatsop's Past

BOXING PHOTO

More on the photo of the boxer in the previous issue, on page 40: Albert Johnson was a small man with considerable spirit. When the tough crimp, Larry Sullivan, approached him on the street, deliberately insulted him, and challenged him to a fight, Johnson accepted. The power house of the West Shore Mills, near the present location of Wild Willie's Astoria Car Wash on Marine Drive, was the appointed scene of the battle, and on April 1, 1893, was quickly filled to capacity by an excited crowd of men, hurriedly making their bets. All odds favored Sullivan who towered over the diminutive Johnson. According to a report of the boxing match, "Johnson kept his eye on Sullivan and carried the fight to him from the start. About a minute after the first round started, Johnson staggered Sullivan with a short arm blow to the head, then knocked him down with a straight right to the same spot. Sullivan got up, but met with another hard right and then a straight right that stretched him unconscious on the floor." Johnson's share of the purse was \$300.

LOST TAX RECEIPTS

Ex-sheriff, Henry A. Smith, who absconded with Clatsop County's tax receipts in 1895, explained his actions in a letter to C.J. Trenchard from Roosendaal, Belgium. When he arrived at Portland from Astoria, his first stop was at a saloon where he had a few drinks, and before he knew it he was traveling eastward on the Northern Pacific Railway; he decided then to keep going east.

INDIAN ANCESTRY

Mary Ann Obershaw (Aubichon) Ducheney, the daughter-in-law of Mary Rondeau, was descended from Os-wol-lax, the great Chinook warrior under Chief Comcomly. Her sisters were Mrs. Lafferty, Catherine Pelissier Tellier, Isabel Bertrand and Mary (Amelia) Petit. Many of the Colbert, Trick, Troeh, Kofoed, and Herrold families, north and south of the Columbia River, are proud descendants of the Petit line. The Colbert house in Ilwaco, WA, will reopen as a museum sometime soon, a memorial to these early families.

TOSE-TUM

Members of the boat-building family, the Driscolls, were descended from Tose-tum, a chief of the Clatsop Indians. In July 1873, Tim Driscoll, his Indian wife, Mary, and their children left their Astoria home for Westport, Oregon, and then moved to their Wauna homestead, where the family achieved fame as builders of fishing boats, skiffs and rowboats.

MARY COOK CAMPELL MATIER

A Clatsop slave, named Mary, was the wife of George Washington Cook, owner of a donation land claim of 320 acres on the southwest slope of Astoria where he settled in 1850. Descendants were the McMillen's and Casey's of the Youngs River area and the Painter's, Vosberg's, Metzger's and Butler's of Astoria, Portland and Wheeler, OR, and Pacific Co., WA. Ann Lindsey of Ballard Station, Seattle, a descendant, is researching this family and is working on an article for *Cumtux*. She would like to locate other relatives.

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